

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



"I WILL NEVER PART WITH IT—NEVER, AS LONG AS I LIVE."

## THE FRANKLINS;

OR, THE STORY OF A CONVICT.

CHAPTER XXX.—ON BOARD "THE GLORIOUS"—EXPERIENCES OF A MIDDY—HOW THE NAVAL SERVICE WAS RECRUITED IN OLD TIMES.

In "the good old times" of which our story treats, the navy was a sufficiently hard service. With some exceptions, the superior officers were tyrants, the common sailors little better than slaves, kept in subjection mainly by the terror of the lash; and a midshipman was considered "a kind of water-dog, intended to fetch and carry."

"The Glorious," in which we have started Willy Franklin, was no exception to the general rule; and as, for various sufficient reasons, we intend that he shall narrate his own adventures, we re-introduce him some weeks later than the date of his first despatches:—

Don't think, dear Miles, (he writes) that I have forgotten my promise to write long and often; but it is easier to promise than to perform; and if months have passed away since my former epistle, I cannot help it. You have never been in a midshipman's berth: I have.

Well, never mind; I haven't any time for botherations; and I should not be writing now, only word has

been passed that the captain will be sending home despatches some of these days, and that he will graciously permit a little bag to be made up to accompany them. So here goes.

"How do I like being a sailor?" Why, truly, to answer you after the manner of clown Touchstone, in respect of itself, a sailor's life is a good life; but in respect that it is a sailor's life, it is naught. In respect that it is not solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is not private, it is a very vile life. In respect that it is on the sea, it pleaseth me well; but in respect that it is not on land, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach.

There, dear Miles, your question is answered. Hast any philosophy in thee?

In sober prose, however, I am very well contented with my choice. I did not expect to be idle, and I am not; to feed on delicacies, and I do not; to be clothed in purple and fine linen, and I am not. If I were Miles Oakley, I would not be a sailor; but, being William Franklin, I would and will be.

I looked at your letter again, Miles; and your questions tumble in upon me thick and threefold. If I were to attempt to answer half of them, you would have to wait a long time for my letter; so you must be satisfied with the best I can give you.

Our whole crew, then, numbers somewhere about four hundred men. We have a captain, of whom I informed you before; three lieutenants—first, second, and third—of whom I may have something to say hereafter; a sailing-master, a doctor, a purser, an assistant-surgeon, and a clerk; a dozen middies; a gunner, a boatswain, and a carpenter; add to these, two or three score of marines, with their captain and his lieutenant. Deduct these and the officers from the number I have written down, and you have something over three hundred men and boys to work the frigate.

"What sort of beings are they?" Why, speaking generally, I should say that they are a set of about the biggest rogues unhung, if I were not assured that we should come out favourably in that respect, compared with other ships' crews.\* More particularly, however, I may describe these precious fellows as composed of a slight sprinkling of able-bodied seamen of decent character, who, having been brought up to the service from their boyhood, could not quit it if they would, and perhaps would not if they could. These men know their duty, and are not averse from doing it. Another portion of the crew consists of sailors who, having been entrapped, or forcibly seized upon, or snapped up by the press-gangs, are compelled to serve their country, whether they like it or not. As you may suppose, these fellows are, for the most part, snllen and desperate, and are only kept in check by dread of punishment. A third portion of the crew is made up of scourgings of jails—smugglers, poachers, and pickpockets; you may guess what sort of sailors these are likely to make.

And before I get away from this subject, I will tell you of a scene I witnessed soon after we left port, and while we were beating off and on the Isle of Wight, with a contrary wind. I must tell you first of all, though, that the frigate was then, and is now, short of her full complement of men, although her press-gangs had been active enough while she lay in harbour. In consequence of this, or

from some other cause, our captain was in no very amiable mood; and the officers, as was natural enough, followed his example—in point of temper, I mean.

Well, we were off the coast, as I have told you, when a stout brig was seen coming round a point, at about a mile's distance, with all her sails set, and steering up the channel. It did not take long to make out that she was a trading vessel, and also that, as soon as those on board caught sight of "The Glorious," her course was altered, so as to avoid a too intimate acquaintance with us. But it was too late; and when the distance between the two vessels was diminished to about half a mile, a shot from the frigate across the bow of the brig, caused her speedily to hoist up English colours, but at the same time to crowd on all her canvass, with an evident intention of making her escape if she could. This was a mistake on her part, however; for another shot from our frigate, which rattled among her sticks, and wrought some little damage to her top gear, showed that we were in earnest, and caused her to be hove to.

In the meantime, a couple of our boats had been lowered, and, each containing more than a dozen men, pulled off steadily towards the brig. In one of these, which was under the command of Mr. Grey, the third lieutenant, I found myself, without having any distinct idea how I got there, or being there, what I was to do; though, on looking round on the men, I could see that they were prepared for rough work, for naked cutlasses and pistols were ominously glittering in the sunshine.

"Pull away with a will, boys!" shouted Mr. Grey; and our boat sprang forward under the impetus of the oars, like a thing of life, the other boat following close in our wake. We were soon within hail of the brig; and then Mr. Grey, ordering his men to rest on their oars, stood up in the stern-sheets.

"Brig a-hoy!" shouted he, so sharp and loud, and unexpectedly, as far as I was concerned, that it made me start.

"Boat a-hoy!" returned the captain of the brig, from the deck. The brig, I should explain, was making very little way now.

"What brig?" demanded the king's lieutenant.

"The Dorothy," of London, homeward bound from New York," replied the hoarse tones of the brig's skipper, and tacking on a counter-interrogation, in a voice of bravado, as it seemed to me.

"His Majesty's frigate, 'The Glorious,'" retorted Mr. Grey, proudly; adding, "Why didn't you heave to when you had the signal?"

The captain of the brig made some reply to this, which I could not catch, but which seemed to irritate our lieutenant, who, without further parley, ordered his crew to move alongside the brig; in which manœuvre he was closely followed by the second boat. He then signified his intention of boarding the brig and overhauling her papers. At the same time, it was not difficult even for me, novice as I was, to guess that something more formidable and less pacific than the examination of papers was anticipated; for, at a glance from the leader, every man stealthily and silently laid his hand on a cutlas, and stuck a brace of pistols into his belt.

Not so silently and stealthily, however, that the movement was not noticed by the captain of the brig; for he hastily and roughly demanded if he were taken for a pirate or a smuggler.

Up to this time no man except the captain had been visible on the deck of the brig, so that it might almost have seemed that he was sailing his vessel single-handed; but at this moment about a dozen rough-looking fellows, who had evidently been crouching behind the bulwarks,

\* This sweeping denunciation must be taken *cum grano salis*, and set down as the random expression of the earlier impressions of a free-spoken youth, who says the first thing that comes to hand without modification or qualification. We shall see as he goes on that his opinions considerably change.

now suddenly sprang into sight, armed, some with pikes and some with spars, and evidently determined to dispute an entrance into the brig. This was all a mystery to me then; but it was soon explained. The poor fellows had reason enough for endeavouring to avoid, though they might not have been so wise in attempting to resist, a domiciliary visit from a king's officer, with two boats' crews at his back.

The threatened resistance did not, however, take our officer by surprise, nor did it greatly trouble him. In fact, he laughed good-naturedly (he is a good-tempered fellow, Mr. Grey), and, speaking in an admonitory tone to the skipper, who stood with his arms folded as though he had no concern in the matter, warned him of the consequences, both to himself and his men, if any mischief should ensue. He then gave orders to our sailors to board.

But this order was more easily given than carried out. The sides of the brig were tolerably high, and wall-sided as well, which rendered an ascent difficult enough, seeing that everything which might aid a man in the attempt had been carefully hauled on board; and seeing also that over the heads of the climbers were brandished a number of ugly-looking weapons, by a number of equally ugly-looking men, who indulged us with formidable threats, not unmingled with oaths and curses.

The fellows were outnumbered, however, especially when our other boat slipped round to the other side of the brig, thus dividing the forces opposed to us; and though one or two of our men were tumbled back into the boat bleeding, and *hors de combat*, a struggle of three minutes' duration, without a pistol fired, saw Mr. Grey and his men triumphantly treading the deck, sword in hand, while the brig's crew had ignominiously taken to flight, some below-deck, and some in the rigging.

I should tell you, Miles, that I took no share in this skirmish, Mr. Grey having ordered me to the stern-sheets, to take care of the boat, in company with one man at the oars, and the two fellows who were wounded.

"Extraordinary conduct this, to a king's officer," I heard Mr. Grey say to the skipper, who, still with his arms folded, had looked on quietly while the boarding was effected.

"Extraordinary conduct in a king's officer," I heard the captain retort, "to come armed against a peaceable trader in this fashion: but might overcomes right; only I call you to witness, sir, that I made no resistance to your boarding; and I reckon if you had been in my place, you wouldn't have done less."

What more passed I did not hear; for the lieutenant directly accompanied the captain below, to look at the brig's papers. As this, under the circumstances, was a mere form, it did not take long; and the next thing I heard Mr. Grey say, was on their returning to deck—

"You have a fine set of men, captain: more than you want to carry your brig up channel."

"Not a man too many, sir," said the skipper, promptly.

"For all that, I must take the liberty of going snacks with you, captain," retorted the lieutenant, laughing. "Come, be reasonable, and we will share and share alike," he added.

Oh, oh! thought I; I understand it all now; we are sweeping the sea with a long broom. In other words, Miles, we were a press-gang afloat.

"There are the men," said the skipper, grimly; "you have the power, and you must do your will."

"I mean to do it," I heard Mr. Grey say; and then he shouted to the brig's crew to come aft.

But they minded the lieutenant no more than they would have minded me, Miles.

Mr. Grey then said something else: what it was I did not hear; but in a moment our men were swarming over the brig in full chase of the crew. There was no chance for the poor fellows, of course, outnumbered as they were, to say nothing of their inferiority in arms: but they held their own gallantly too; and, to tell the truth, I was sorry to see, after a little while, that they were overpowered and driven together on deck, at the mercy of the captors, some of them bleeding from cutlass strokes, and two of them apparently seriously wounded. Nor had our men come off entirely free, for some half dozen of them were bleeding too, and were so savage that it was with difficulty they were restrained by the lieutenant from dashing in among the prisoners and giving them a few more slashes. They were restrained, however.

"You rascals," said Mr. Grey, "you have given me a deal of unnecessary trouble; and it would serve you right—and you too," (turning to the skipper,) "if I were to pack you all off to yonder frigate; but I will be merciful. There are a dozen of you altogether. With six men, captain, you can very well beat into port; the other six are mine. Who volunteers to serve the king?"

This being something like the cook's invitation to the ducks, "Dilly, dilly, come and be killed," there was no reply from the men, who stood huddled together like a flock of sheep, but scowling ferociously, as sheep would not have done, while the blood, trickling down their bronzed faces and bedabbling their naked arms, added ghastliness to ferocity.

"If you won't volunteer I must press you, my men, that's all," said our lieutenant; and without further ceremony he picked out half a dozen of the strongest-looking of the prisoners, and ordered them into the boats—three in each. The men sullenly obeyed, for further resistance on their part would have been madness; and our men, tumbling over the brig's side after them, the deck was left clear. The lieutenant then, after politely lifting his hat and wishing the captain of the "Dorothy" and his diminished crew a safe and speedy fag-end to their voyage, gave the word, and we pulled back towards the frigate.

CHAPTER XXXI.—RICHARD ADAMS, THE PRESSED MAN—WILLY FRANKLIN'S STORY OF A FORMER MYSTERIOUS OCCURRENCE.

OUR three prisoners (for so I may term the pressed sailors) had not been long in the boat before it was seen, that one of them was faint from the wounds he had received in the skirmish. Of course there had been no intention on the part of our sailors seriously to injure the men; but cutlasses are queer things to play with at any time; and the man in question had offered such stubborn resistance, that our fellows had been compelled to be rough with him. The poor fellow was bleeding sadly from a cut across his hand, and a ghastly-looking slash over his left temple, which had partly laid his scalp bare. The pain must have been great, from the exposure of the wounds to the cold air; but the poor wretch suffered silently, till, as I said, he fainted from loss of blood.

It happened that I was seated close behind this prisoner, and as he sank, his head fell upon my knee. I can tell you, Miles, I felt queer; for, to say nothing of the effect on the nerves and stomach, of seeing human blood shed, for almost the first time in one's life, I really believed the man to be dead or dying. It was horrible.

"Hallo, Mr. Franklin, what's the matter?" shouted Mr. Grey, as he witnessed the change in my countenance.

The exclamation seemed to rouse the wounded man



for a second or two; for he gave a violent and sudden start, and, opening his eyes, gazed around wildly, and, as it appeared to me, almost in terror. At least I never saw more terror expressed than his countenance betrayed for a single moment. The look soon passed away, however, and the poor fellow relapsed into insensibility. Meanwhile, I fancy I had recovered some degree of self-possession—at any rate, I made a strong effort to gulp down my tender feelings, and, whipping out a handkerchief, I busied myself in binding up the man's head; and happening fortunately to have a second handkerchief in another pocket, I wound it round his hand.

The lieutenant gave me an approving look, which did me good; and at the same time he handed me a flask from his pocket. "Take a mouthful yourself, youngster," said he, "and then give him a dose of it if he can swallow it."

I obeyed; the cordial was good strong cognac, which took my breath away, though I don't think I swallowed a tea-spoonful. Then I put it to the man's white lips, which were partly open. I rather think my hand shook a little; for more of the stuff went into his throat than I had bargained for, and it nearly choked him. There was a laugh at my expense.

It did good, though; for the colour came back to the poor fellow's lips, and he opened his eyes. He tried to speak too, but did not succeed. Then he attempted to raise himself; but he fell back again, and there he lay with his head on my knee, till we reached the frigate.

This is a long story about nothing particular; but, it being my first active service, makes me think of it. It will soon be put out of my head by newer adventures, I dare say. But the wounded man—well, he looked so gratefully up at me when he came to himself, and discovered where his head had been resting, that I could not help asking myself, Miles, what business he had to be wounded at all?

Well—to finish my story of this affair—the pressed men were taken down to the hospital to have their wounds dressed, and they were kept under guard for two or three days—my man for a week, his wounds being more serious than those of the rest. At last he was pronounced fit for duty too; and by this time the other fellows were pretty well reconciled to their fate.

"I say, Franklin," said Russell to me one day, when we, for want of something better to do, were skylarking on deck, "that fellow means to know you when he sees you again."

"What fellow?" I wanted to know; for there were a good many hands on deck.

"Why, that 'Dorothy' man, what's his name?—Adams—Dick Adams."

I turned round, and saw that Adams, who was half leaning over one of the guns, was eyeing me in a kind of abstracted manner, but earnestly enough; but the moment he saw I was looking at him, he withdrew his gaze and half turned towards the sea. It occurred to me then, that I had not spoken to the man since he left the hospital, and that I might as well congratulate him on the healing of his wounds. I walked up to him, therefore.

"I am glad to see you have got out of the surgeon's hands, Adams," said I.

"Ay, ay, sir," said the sailor, "I am all right now."

"It was an ugly crack of the head you got, however; and your hand is tender yet, I am afraid." In fact, I saw that the back of his hand was yet bound up with adhesive plaster.

The man laughed, and again remarked that it was all right now.

"I am sorry, however, for your misfortune," I said.

"Thank you, sir, for your sympathy," returned Adams, (by the way, I could not help observing that his words and manner were both superior to those of the common run of sailors); "but I don't know that I care much for the misfortune, as you are good enough to call it. One ship is as good as another to me."

"You did not seem to think so when you were pressed, though," said I.

"And I didn't," said he, promptly. "Who would like to have his liberty taken from him, sir, and to be hunted like a rat into a hole? Why, a rat itself would stand at bay then."

"At any rate," said I, "I am glad you are reconciled to your fate now."

"Ay, ay, sir," said Adams, hitching up his trowsers in true sailor fashion, and looking me full in the face as he spoke, which he had not done before; "it has been my lot to be knocked about the world a good deal, and if I am not reconciled to it by this time, I suppose I never shall be. But to tell you the truth, sir," he went on, "now I am here I am not sorry for it, and—but I beg your pardon for being so bold—and I believe this belongs to you."

He took a bandanna handkerchief from his breast, clean washed and neatly folded, and gave it into my hand. It was the handkerchief I had tied round his head.

"Thank you; it is mine, certainly."

"And this too, sir," taking a white lawn handkerchief from the same receptacle; "but I want to ask a favour of you, sir."

"What is it?"

"To let me keep this in remembrance of your kindness and humanity, sir," said the man; "it has got your name marked at the corner, sir"—and so it had, marked by your mother, Miles, in full, *W. Franklin*—"and if you will be so kind, sir," continued Adams, with more huskiness in his voice than the occasion called for, "I'll never part with it—never, as long as I live."

"Keep them both by all means, my good fellow," said I. "I am only glad that I was able to do you a little service that day."

The man looked unutterable thanks as I gave him back the bandanna, and there the conversation ended; but I could not help pitying the poor fellow from my heart. I don't like the system of *pressing* men to serve, and I believe no one does like it; but I am told that there's no other way of manning the navy. So it must be, I suppose; at any rate, I can't alter it. But I feel more for this man than for pressed men in general. He is well-behaved, and much better educated than most sailors. There's something in his looks, too, that takes my fancy. He is almost handsome, though he is considerably bronzed and roughened by a sea-life, and his dark hair is plentifully sprinkled with gray; for, I should tell you, he is not young—probably he is near upon fifty years old; and this makes his case more pitiable. Pshaw! you will think I am bewitched if I write any more about this man. So, for another subject.

I told you that the last time I was at H. I met with an adventure—not worth calling an adventure, perhaps; but now I think of it, I'll write it down here. I was in Mrs. Judkins's new grocery shop in the High Street. (By the way, I have found out accidentally that the old woman may thank your father for her astonishing rise in the world of late years. It is his help and patronage have done it; and it is like the squire's noble benevolence to do such things in secret; though, what there is in

that old woman to—but that is nothing to the purpose). Well, I was in Mrs. Judkins's shop, and was being served with a canister of gunpowder (not gunpowder tea, of course), when I fancied I perceived a sort of telegraphic communication between her and another elderly female who just before had made her appearance from what I supposed to be Mrs. Judkins's back parlour; and at almost the same time she addressed me by name, as Master Franklin. Directly the words were out of her mouth, the unknown elderly woman darted forward, set herself in front of me, and, clapping her hands on my shoulders, stared me in the face for the space of half a minute.

"It is he himself," she exclaimed, bursting into tears. I'll give you full permission to laugh, Miles. She had no sooner said this than her arms were round my neck, and she was smothering me with kisses, to say nothing of smearing me with her wet cheeks. I never was more taken aback in all my life, especially as there were three or four other customers in the shop, who, I could feel, were grinning at sight of the ridiculous figure I cut.

"Who is that stupid old creature?" I asked Mrs. Judkins, when the other had popped back again and was out of sight. "Is she mad or drunk?"

"Oh," said Mrs. J., "she is a silly old creature. Don't mind her; she does not always know what she is about."

"I hope she will keep her hands off me the next time we meet, however," said I, "and her kisses to herself," I added, wiping my cheeks. "What does she know about me, I should like to know?"

"Oh, nothing, sir, nothing," said Mrs. Judkins; "it is only one of her queer fancies." And that was all I could get out of her.

Well, now I have written it down, it does not seem worth telling, only—only, Miles—but I must leave off scribbling now. More next time.

### THE WOMANLESS REGION.

THERE are many islands, and not a few large continental districts, which have no stated representatives of the human race. But as far as information extends, there is only one territory of any size, and never has been but one, occupied by a goodly number of the descendants of Adam, from which that exquisite variety of the species—woman—is carefully excluded, the society being entirely masculine. A description of this singular spot may be readily given. Suppose Flamborough Head to stretch some forty miles into the North Sea, varying in the midst from two to nine miles, and traversing at the extremity to the height of six thousand feet above the waters; imagine it attached to the coast of Yorkshire by a low narrow isthmus; and to be well clothed with woods, gay with flowers, rich with odours, and stocked with song-birds, while overhung by the brightest, bluest of all skies—the reader will then have before his mind's eye a general outline of the locality, as far as relates to its natural features. The sons of Eve are there, but none of the daughters; and lest they should attempt to intrude, influenced by the curiosity attributed by common fame to their primal mother, there is a guard stationed for the express purpose of keeping them out. So well has watch and ward been maintained, that some of the gentlemen who entered in early years, and have not since mingled with the outlying world, have lost almost all idea what kind of creatures women are.

Reference is here made to the easternmost of the three

tongues of land which project in so striking a manner from the north coast of the Greek Archipelago. This is the old peninsula of Acte, now called Monte Santo, or the Holy Mountain, of which Mount Athos forms the terminating point—a conical mass of limestone, shooting up gradually and abruptly to the height of 6350 feet. It has a very magnificent appearance, the base being clothed with pines, while the upper slopes and the peak are bare, and shine with dazzling whiteness when lit up by the sunbeams. The mountain is easily ascended, and commands a splendid view of the principal Thessalian and Macedonian summits, with shores on every hand, deeply penetrated by the clear blue water. Ninety miles to the westward, Pelion, Ossa, and Olympus may be discerned on the horizon, when the atmosphere is free from haze. A small chapel at the top, under the name of the Transfiguration, is annually visited by some monks, on the 6th of August, for the purpose of saying mass. In the days of inexpert and timid navigation, this lofty promontory was greatly dreaded by mariners, owing to the rough seas encountered in its neighbourhood. Hence, to avoid rounding it, Xerxes, on his famous invasion of Greece, had a canal cut for his fleet through the narrow neck of the peninsula, some traces of which remain. From this point, through the proper peninsular district to the foot of the mountain, the country is a table-land of moderate elevation, rugged and intersected by numerous ravines. It is for the most part beautifully wooded. Fine chesnuts, oaks, beeches, and plane-trees, intermingle with the ilex, bay, wild-fig, wild-olive, and much underwood; but the landscape is diversified by many small clearings and patches of cultivation.

The bold headland itself is not inhabited, only the country between it and the isthmus, the whole of which belongs to a monastic confederation of from two to three thousand Greek Christians. They occupy some twenty convents; besides these, there are a great number of places of ascetic retirement, cells and hermitages, often romantically situated, which are so many dependencies of the great houses. The date of the first foundations is entirely unknown. Two of the monasteries claim Constantine the Great for their founder. Two more claim the Empress Pulcheria. The majority arose in the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries. These fraternities had the prudence to submit to Mohammed II, prior to the fall of Constantinople, and received from him a promise of protection, which has been generally respected by his successors. Though the domain is of course part of the Turkish empire, not a single rood of it is claimed in property by the Sultan, or by any Mussulman subject. An annual tribute of 150,000 piastres, about £1500, is paid by the whole peninsula, towards which the different societies contribute their share, according to an assessment determined by their representatives. Each convent sends a deputy to a kind of diet, which manages general interests, and holds its sittings at Karyes, a small central town, answering to the communities of Mount Athos, as Washington to the United States. It is occupied by a few artisans who carve crosses and ornaments of cypress-wood, and is the residence of a solitary Turkish official, who collects the revenue, and is the medium of communication with the government. Besides the representatives, there are four presidents of the confederation, upon whom the duties of administration devolve. They are taken from four different monasteries each year, so that in five years each of the twenty monasteries has its turn to name one. Precedence is given to one of these functionaries, with the style and title of "The First Man of Athos."

At the entrance of the peninsula, a few soldiers in the pay of the monastic bodies are stationed, for the purpose

of excluding unauthorized parties. No female is ever allowed to cross the frontier. Any woman, with the requisite ability and will, may climb Mont Blanc, but not Mount Athos, or indeed come within some forty miles of it, at least by land. The prohibition is of long standing, originated partly by superstition, and partly by an idea that it was necessary for the maintenance of ascetic discipline. But rumour states that two of our countrywomen once landed from a yacht on the coast, and certainly without confirming the belief of the Greek sailors, who are persuaded that any woman guilty of such a trespass would be infallibly struck dead for her presumption. The rule is absurdly enough extended to every other female creature, as far as practicable. Hence, from time immemorial, no cow, mare, hen, or she-cat, has here been suffered to make acquaintance with hill, vale, or shady grove. But travellers say, that both the king and queen of the fleas keep their court in the convents, and reign over legions of subjects, who are particularly partial to the rich juices of Europeans from the north-west, especially the beef-eating English. If she-cats are not tolerated, toms are in high favour, huge fellows, imported from the world without as kittens, which are taught by the younger brethren to perform summersets, and other tricks, for their diversion. Karyes has a weekly market, assuredly unique. Chanticleer is there exposed for sale, but without his mate; and all the other live-stock consists of *he's*, while the buyers and sellers are exclusively men. Even the Turkish resident official cannot have his wife with him.

Few of our countrymen, except those of the learned class, have thought it worth while to peep into the peninsula, long celebrated, though perhaps not justly, for its literary treasures of classical and ecclesiastical antiquity, preserved in the conventual libraries. Dr. Pococke and Mr. Tweddle were there in the last century; Professor Carlyle and Dr. Hunt at the commencement of the present, as well as Dr. E. D. Clarke. More recently it was visited by Mr. Curzon, in 1837, and Mr. Bowen, in the summer of 1850. The first named of the recent tourists went out with a letter from the then Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Howley, commending the bearer to the good offices of the Greek Patriarch at Constantinople, in furtherance of the objects of his journey. Upon presenting the missive, a curious dialogue occurred.

"And who," said the great dignitary, "is the Archbishop of Canterbury?"

"What!" replied the traveller, not a little astonished.

"Who is the Archbishop?"

"Why, the Archbishop of Canterbury."

"Archbishop of what?"

"Canterbury."

"Oh! ah! yes! and who is he?"

It was explained to his venerableness, that the person in question was head of the Church of England, who had crowned William IV, and would soon crown the young queen Victoria.

"Well," said the patriarch, "but how is that? How can it happen that the head of your Church is only an archbishop? whereas I command other patriarchs, and under them archbishops, archimandrites, and other dignitaries. How can these things be? I cannot write an answer to the letter of the Archbishop of—of—"

"Of Canterbury."

"Yes, of Canterbury, for I do not see how he who is only an archbishop can by any possibility be the head of a Christian hierarchy. But as you come from the British Embassy, I will give my letters as you desire."

So the long-bearded dignitary summoned his secretary and wrote the desired mandate—

"To the blessed Inspectors, Officers, Chiefs, and Representatives of the Holy Community of Monte Santo, and to the Holy Fathers of the same, and of all other sacred convents, our beloved Sons:

"We Gregorius, Patriarch, Archbishop Universal, Patriarch of Constantinople, etc. etc. etc.

"The bearer of the present, our patriarchal sheet, the Hon. Rob. Curzon, of a noble English family, intending to travel, and wishing to be instructed in the old and new philology, thinks to satisfy his curiosity by repairing to those sacred convents which may have any connection with his intentions. We recommend his person, therefore, to you all," etc. etc.

This epistle acted as a talisman. Every attention was paid to the wants and wishes of the traveller, from the monastic authorities; and he obtained at a cheap rate several mss. finely executed, though not of much intrinsic worth. A magnificent-looking monk told him the brief story of his life. He came from a village in Roumelia, but did not recollect its name or exact position. His parents and most of the other inhabitants had been massacred in some revolt or disturbance; so he had been told, but he remembered nothing about it. He had been educated in a school belonging to one of the convents, and had never quitted the peninsula since he entered it in early boyhood. He did not recollect his mother, nor was he quite sure that he ever had one. He had never seen a woman, and his only notion of the phenomenon was put together by fancy and by hearsay. Mr. Bowen encountered a brother specimen of the genus. The man startled him by suddenly asking, "What sort of human creatures are women?" He had only seen his mother, and had forgotten even her appearance, having been a recluse ever since he was four years old—a period of twenty-four years. An amusing incident occurred during Mr. Curzon's stay at Karyes, in the house of the Turkish officer. One day a cat came into the room with two kittens.

"Ah!" said he, "how is this? Why, this is a she-cat, a cat feminine! What business has it on Mount Athos?"

"Hush!" replied the host, with a solemn grin; "do not say anything about it. Yes, it must be a she-cat. I allow, certainly, that it must be a she-cat. I brought it with me from Stamboul; but do not speak of it, or they will take it away; and it reminds me of my home, where my wife and children are living, far away from me."

Little did the monks imagine, at the period of the visit, that there was one among them "taking notes," who would make them known to the world. As little did the traveller fancy, when writing an account of his tour, which simply contained some good-humoured quizzing, that the fame thereof would reach the Hellenic land, and excite, in no slight degree, the choler of a touchy race; but so it was. His book, published some ten years ago, has since been translated into Greek, and appeared by piece-meal in the pages of the *Εβέρτην*, a monthly publication at Athens, containing versions from the lighter literature of England, France, and Germany. There is a preface appended to the translation, from which an extract may be made:—"When the English traveller, Clarke, plundered the monasteries of Athos of the mss. of Plato, our countryman, Coray, broke forth into loud lamentation for that deed of sacrilege. At the present day, we have a certain Robert Curzon, also an Englishman, publishing his recent tour in Athos, in which he sarcastically relates how the Patriarch of Con-



stantinople gave him a letter to the monks of the Mountain; and how, by means of this letter and a judicious use of money, he succeeded in extracting from them sundry valuable national heir-looms of Byzantine art; as if it had been fated that unhappy Greece should never cease to be a windfall to foreigners, and, according to the proverb, 'spoil of the Mysians.' The tour of this Englishman we now translate into our own language, both for the reasons already given, and because it embraces many curious matters relating to that national history which is an object of so much study to every Greek; but we leave as we find it all his bitter mockery of the Patriarch, that it may serve as a lesson, for the time to come, to the ecclesiastical chiefs of our race in Turkey." These angry strictures are quite uncalled for. Much more appropriately might the editor of the "Enterpe" have lamented, or been indignant, at the degeneracy of his countrymen, for valuing pounds, shillings, and pence above the antique monuments of their own literature.

Several of the monasteries are very picturesquely seated, perched on high cliffs of difficult access. Reared in turbulent times, when attacks from banditti and pirates might not be improbable, they are fortress-looking buildings, with massive walls, answering to the description of Lindisfarne, in "Marmion"—

"And needful was such strength to these,  
Exposed to the tempestuous seas,  
Scourged by the winds' eternal sway,  
Open to rovers fierce as they."

The offices within the walls commonly include a granary, mill, bakehouse, kitchen, workshop, and infirmary. Being recruited from the outward world, the inmates come from every part of the Turkish empire where the Greek language is spoken, and are chiefly Greeks in blood and speech from Roumelia, although there is a large number from the adjoining kingdom late of Otho. As there is no unappropriated ground, every new comer has to seek admission into one of the existing societies. To obtain this, he must devote his time and labour to the common service, such as till the lands, tend the vines, engage in house-work, or in the necessary handicrafts for which he is qualified. For three years after admission he is called a probationer, and at the end of that time, if he has proved his ability and willingness to keep the monastic discipline, he receives the first tonsure, and becomes a caloyer, literally "good elder," or monk. The discipline observed by the brotherhoods is in no slight degree oppressive to the bodily inclinations. Their church services last six or seven hours every day—sometimes twice, now and then even thrice as long. Their sleep does not exceed four or five hours. Their food is always meagre in quality, and often also in quantity. They never taste meat. On one hundred and fifty-nine days in the year they have only one meal; and at this, eggs, cheese, fish, wine, and oil are forbidden them. In some of the establishments a candidate is admitted on paying to the common stock 5000 piastres, about £45, and then he becomes a kind of gentleman-caloyer, being exempted from all servile work. For this sum he obtains a cell, with the usual daily allowance of bread and wine; but additional fare he must provide for himself. These monks do not eat together in the refectory, except on some great festival occasions; nor are they bound to a common attendance on all the services of the church, but may repeat some of the offices in their own rooms. They are at liberty to possess money, and make what use of it they please in life; but at death it becomes the property of the particular house to which they belong. Few care to take orders and become priests, but prefer to remain

lay-brethren, owing to the onerous duties of the church service.

And now, what of the long and widely-renowned libraries of Mount Athos? To them the learned have occasionally looked as likely to contain some of the hitherto lost works of ancient writers.

For some years past, a Greek named Simonides has claimed the attention of western scholars, alleging himself to be the possessor of a large number of Greek manuscripts derived from this region. He has appeared in many countries, dealing with scholars, and endeavouring to gain for his literary treasures the notice conceived to be their due, receiving countenance from some, and regarded by others as an impostor. At any rate, if an impostor, he is unmistakeably a clever one; and Mount Athos may number among its celebrities, with tom-cats and monks, the accomplished Dr. Simonides.

The most recent questions raised in connection with these disputed manuscripts will be stated in a separate article.

#### EARL RUSSELL.

It is now about forty-eight years since Earl Russell made his appearance in a public capacity, and during that period he has, either in literature or politics, been constantly before the eye of his country. It is not, however, as an Earl that he has so long been known, but as "Lord John;" and as such we will here continue to speak of him, sinking his recently acquired Earldom in the more familiar title.

Although the name of Russell has for several generations been more or less historically identified with the liberal policy of his country, yet has Lord John stood, perhaps, longest and foremost among them as a general reformer. He was the principal means of procuring the abolition of the Test and Corporation Act; was chiefly instrumental in obtaining the Reform Bill; and may, indeed, be said to have been either the initiator or the supporter of all the great liberal measures which have been brought before the country within the last forty years. His celebrated letter to the citizens of London was to a considerable extent the means of effecting the repeal of the Corn Laws; and the emancipation of the Jews was accomplished chiefly by the pertinacity with which he continued to advocate their claims.

In 1813, at the age of twenty-one, he entered the House of Commons as Member for Tavistock, and from that time to the present he has represented the Whig principles of the House of Bedford, perhaps with a degree of expansiveness even beyond what might have been expected in the scion of a hereditary ducal house. It is not, however, as a politician that we are here to discuss his merits, but rather as a man who has steadily and constantly identified himself with social progress; who has by his oratory upheld the liberal institutions of his country; who has entered the arena of letters with the high purpose of aiding in their advancement, and who has been the unflinching defender of the faith, as represented in the Protestant Church. His services in the cause of popular education are above all praise.

He was, in 1792, born in Hertford Street, London, and when of suitable age was sent to Westminster School, and afterwards to the University of Edinburgh, where he "drank deeply" of the moral philosophy of Dugald Stewart and Thomas Brown. The graceful eloquence of these metaphysicians doubtless produced a deep impression on the naturally acute and appreciative mind of the future political leader, who at this period headed a deputation of students commissioned to wait

upon Stewart, to congratulate him for having, during an illness, appointed such an able substitute as Brown, whose highly finished prelections were, in point of composition, of the most fascinating description. After he had completed his education and entered the House, he continued to devote himself to letters, perhaps as much as to politics, and at about his twenty-seventh year published in quarto a *Life of his ancestor "William, Lord Russell, with some Account of the Times in which he lived."* In this biography the ancestry of the Russell family is traced; and although one of them, John Russell, was in 1221 the Governor of Corfe Castle, and another, in the reign of Henry VI, Speaker of the House of Commons, it was not till the beginning of the sixteenth century that the family received its greatest advancement. The circumstance which led to this was, according to the biography of Lord John, entirely fortuitous, and arose out of one of those accidents which, when they do occur, are not infrequently the forerunners of strange events. It was this:—

In 1506, Philip, Arch-duke of Austria, having been by stress of weather driven into the port of Weymouth, a neighbouring country gentleman, of the name of Sir Thomas Trenchard, hospitably entertained him. But however generous might be the impulses of the heart of Sir Thomas, he was quite ignorant of continental languages, and the Arch-duke was equally ignorant of the English. These were circumstances calculated greatly to mar the entertainment of the illustrious stranger, who soon found that, although he might revel in all the substantialities of old English hospitality, he could receive but little illumination from the lips of his host, to sweeten the fare he had set before him. Hard by, however, there resided a Mr. Russell, an excellent linguist, who was invited to entertain the Duke, and who succeeded so far in ingratiating himself with him, that he was recommended by him to the notice of the king, who appointed Mr. Russell one of the Gentlemen of the Privy Chamber. "He afterwards," says Lord John, "attended Henry VIII in his expedition in France, and was present at the taking of Terouenne and Tournay. In 1532 he was knighted by the Earl of Surrey for his services at the taking of Chorlaix, in Bretagne, and was created Lord Russell in 1539." Subsequently, the lands of the Abbey of Tavistock, Devonshire, and of the dissolved monastery of Woburn, in Bedfordshire, were conferred upon him, and he was made Earl of Bedford. Thus the plain Mr. Russell, whose knowledge of languages was the first step to fortune, was the great-grandfather of Lord William Russell, who suffered for "conspiring the death of the king, and consulting and agreeing to stir up insurrection," in Lincoln's Inn Fields, on the 21st of July, 1683. The sentence which brought this excellent nobleman to the scaffold was afterwards pronounced unjust, and in the time of William and Mary he was said to have been "wrongfully convicted;" and although he himself had been beheaded, his son was created Duke of Bedford.

Two years after the appearance of this biography, Lord John produced his "*Essay on the History of the English Government and Constitution, from the Reign of Henry VIII,*" which in the following year was succeeded by his "*Don Carlos,*" a historical tragedy. The "*Essay*" was well received; and notwithstanding that the genius of Schiller had already immortalized the subject of his tragedy, it passed through several editions in the course of the year of its publication, but nevertheless is now all but forgotten. He next produced his "*Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe from the Peace of Utrecht,*" which, however, he did not complete till 1829. He was now in the full power of his

manhood; and although he had never neglected the study of politics, still his inclinations, evidenced by some of these works, led him frequently to pass his hours beneath the foliage of the Academic grove, whilst constantly mingling in the turbulent and stormy strife incident to the forum. He had at this period become acquainted with Lansdowne, Moore, and other literary men; was a visitor at Holland House, and even expressed an intention of exchanging the pursuit of politics for that of literature. It was on hearing of this, that Moore addressed to him the following stanza:—

"Shalt thou be faint-hearted and turn from the strife,  
From the mighty arena, where all that is grand,  
And devoted, and pure, and adorning in life,  
'Tis for high-thoughted spirits like thine to command?"

Whether this remonstrance had any influence in shaping the destinies of the future premier, it is impossible for us to say; at all events, he from this time seems to have made literature subservient to politics, although he still continued at intervals to show that he had not forgotten the inexpressible pleasures which the cultivation of letters invariably brings to those who use them for the noble purpose of informing, elevating, and humanizing mankind.

Although not a singular coincidence, still it is a coincidence worthy of noting, that Lord Macaulay at one period of his life discussed the question as to whether the pleasures of a literary or a political life were the greater. He, in his own career, proved the natural bias of his inclinations; and Lord Jeffrey, in a celebrated letter to Mr. Empson, thus speaks upon the point:—"As to the tranquillity of an author's life," says the great critic, "I confess I have no sort of faith in it, and am sure that as eloquent a picture might be drawn of its cares, and fears, and mortifications; its feverish anxieties, humiliating rivalries, and jealousies, and heart-sinking exhaustion, as Macaulay has set before us of a statesman. And as to fame, if an author's is now and then more lasting, it is generally longer withheld, and, except in a few rare cases, is of a less pervading or elevating description. A great poet or great writer is above all other glory. But who would give much for such a glory as Gibbon's? Besides, I believe it is the inward glow and pride of consciously influencing the great destinies of mankind, much more than in the sense of personal reputation, that the delight of either poet or statesman chiefly consists. Shakspeare plainly cared nothing about glory, and Milton referred it to other ages. And, after all, why not be statesmen and authors, like Burke and Clarendon?" Such was Lord Jeffrey's opinion of the pleasures of a literary life, in contradistinction to those of a political; and as his position was second to none in the republic of letters, we must bow to it with deference.

In 1842-3 Lord John published "*A Selection from the Correspondence of John, Fourth Duke of Bedford, from the Originals at Woburn Abbey, with an Introduction.*" This nobleman was, in 1756, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and in 1762, the accredited minister plenipotentiary to the Court of France, in which capacity he signed at Fontainebleau the preliminaries of peace with France and Spain. He died in 1771, and was succeeded by his son Francis, whose intimate connection with Woburn Abbey reminds us of some of the art-glories of that celebrated residence. It is the principal seat of the Russell family, and is remarkable for being adorned with a fine and extensive collection of paintings, the Santi vase, and other celebrated works of art. The principal front of the mansion itself is of the Ionic order, with a rustic base, and the western wing of the building com-





prises a Temple of the Graces. This portion was erected in 1818, and has in its architrave the following inscription, paraphrased from the 14th Olympic of Pindar, by the elegant pen of Samuel Rogers, author of "The Pleasures of Memory:"—

"Approach with reverence; there are those within,  
Whose dwelling-place is heaven, daughters of Jove.  
From them flow all the decencies of life;  
Without them nothing pleases; Virtue's self  
Admired, not loved. And those on whom they smile,  
Great though they be, and beautiful and wise,  
Shine forth with double lustre."

Here, in this mansion, replete with taste and elegance, Lord John had the most favourable opportunities of cultivating his own love of art, with all that could impart sweetness to literature, refinement to rank, and dignity to ease. The site upon which Woburn Abbey stands is the same as that upon which the Abbey of Cistercian Monks, founded in 1145 by Hugh de Boleber, stood. None of the conventual buildings now remain, yet to the topographical lover of antiquity the spot is hallowed by many interesting memories. The park is inclosed by a wall, and affords many charming prospects of forest scenery. In the garden is a fine bust of Charles James Fox, placed on a pedestal, with an inscription by the late Duchess of Devonshire.

Another work of Lord John's is entitled "Memorials and Correspondence of Charles James Fox"—a work which discloses the fact, that the natural tastes even of Mr. Fox inclined more to literature than to politics. It is to be regretted, however, that the private life of that great man was anything but exemplary. Indeed, it was principally on the rock of passion that all his high powers were wrecked; for these, in every way, were superior to those of Mr. Pitt. We are not going to enter upon politics; but as we have incidentally been led to mention the names of these two statesmen, we wish to point a moral, by showing, on authority, how a loose life may be the ruin, not only of great personal interests, but of the loftiest mental endowments. In the posthumous works of Wraxall, we find the following remark, which well expresses a historical fact. "I cannot, indeed, too strongly repeat, that in mental endowments of every kind, Fox equalled, if not exceeded, his antagonist. It was Pitt's superior judgment and correct life which principally turned in his favour the scale, and which retained him in office throughout almost his whole career; while the want of these qualities excluded Fox from office." We specially advert to this, because the high moral character of Lord Russell has been no light element in his popularity and influence.

The last work which we will notice of Lord John's, is "The Memoirs of Thomas Moore," which he edited for the benefit of the family of the deceased poet. The manner in which he executed this task, subjected him to severe criticism in several magazines, but especially in the "Quarterly Review," where a severe article exposed his carelessness in several instances—according to the Reviewer, although this is a mere matter of opinion—and his deficiency of judgment in others, whilst it mercilessly laid bare the life of extreme littleness and frivolity which the Bard of Erin passed as a hanger-on upon the great. It is truly lamentable to see how Moore frittered away both time and talent, for a species of ephemeral popularity out of which nothing great or good could come. Such are, we believe, the principal literary performances of Lord John Russell. His public appearances are too well known to require being specified here.

At home, when relaxation from the toils of statesmanship is sought as a necessity, the goodness, benevolence, and purity of his character become fully developed,

and we view him as an exemplar worthy to be imitated in all the private duties and relations of domestic life. There is one quality which, it has been long remarked, he possesses to a large extent—moral courage. The joke of the facetious Sydney Smith, that he was ready to undertake anything—to build St. Paul's or command the Channel Fleet, is a humorous and admirable, although a greatly exaggerated illustration of this. His moral intrepidity, however, is in reality very great, and it is in a statesman a grand quality when under the guidance and direction of a sound judgment. Like the great Duke of Wellington, he seems to have adopted the word "Duty" for the motive of his conduct; consequently, when he feels the calls of that sentiment echoing in his breast, he immediately prepares to obey them. In 1837, for the first time in forty years we beheld him driven into the back benches of the House, and occupying one of the most obscure seats; yet he bore his reverse with a calmness truly great. His moral courage was superior to support a far deeper humiliation, and carried him nobly through this period of his trial. Since then, he has been as popular as ever he was, and now rejoices in the title of "Earl," well merited, because won in advocating the principles of civil and religious liberty and social progress.

## ADVENTURES IN TEXAS.

### CHAPTER XL.—FISH, AND FISHING IN SOUTHERN WATERS.

If the prairies and forests of Texas abound so plentifully with game, that its very name (as mentioned in the first chapter) is derived from this "plenty," the bays and the Gulf of Mexico, which wash its eastern shores, and the streams which water its interior, are not less bountifully supplied with fish, nor have its charming inland lakes any lack, whether situated in the forest or the prairie.

In the bays the red-fish is caught, a species of red mullet, as well as the sea-trout or weak-fish. It is brilliantly spotted, and looks like one of our own Hertfordshire River Lea trout; but when you open its mouth the difference is at once perceptible, by its having two fangs protruding from the upper jaw, something like the incisors of a squirrel. It probably derives its name of weak-fish from its spoiling very quickly, as it must be eaten within two or three hours of its capture, or it becomes worthless.

The sheephead, shaded like a perch, is a salt-water fish, and when caught in rivers it is only so far up them as they are influenced or rendered brackish by the tide. The drum is a sort of sea carp, often reaching a great weight, and is scarcely eatable. The hard-shell turtle, often caught in the bays, needs no description. The stingaree, a kind of flounder with a long coach-whip kind of tail, with a nasty sharp venomous bone at the end of it, which it has a disagreeable knack of inserting into its captor or the unfortunate bather who happens to offend it, is constantly caught and sometimes eaten. The flounder is the best fish found in Texas waters, in my opinion; but the most plentiful of all are the grey mullet. These are often found in enormous "schools," and a person going at night in a boat with a torch in it, will very soon have to extinguish his light to escape being swamped by them, as they are as much attracted by a flame on a dark night, as are summer moths by a candle. Oysters are plentiful and well flavoured. As far as the rivers are affected by the tide, a kind of large shrimp or prawn is found; these I have taken in great numbers by stretching open the mouth of a bag with a piece of wild grape vine. This, after putting in a little Indian

corn meal, and a weight of some kind to sink it, I have found full of these little creatures upon raising it at the end of half an hour or so. They form, when boiled for five minutes with a little salt, no unwelcome addition to a hunter's fare.

Crayfish are found in most of the clear running brooks, or creeks, as they are called, as well as eels. Although the latter are, I fancy, few and far between, still I have caught some, and have had to cook them myself, both whites and blacks having a great prejudice against them, on account of their snake-like appearance.

Of the river or fresh-water fish I shall begin with the most worthless, the gar, or, as he is sometimes called, the "alligator gar." You must not confound this pest, who is a *bonâ fide* fish, with the reptile after which, on account of his almost impenetrable scales, he obtains his prefix, though plenty of these are to be seen sunning themselves on the banks of both the rivers and lakes. The alligator of the West, instead of being called the American crocodile, has derived its designation from the fact that the Spaniards, who were the first explorers of the country, gave this reptile the very appropriate name of *El Legarto*, or *The Lizard*, which the "whites,"\* who followed them, in process of time, corrupted into alligator. To return to the gar: he is the pike of the southern waters, only ten times more vicious and spiteful than our own tyrant of the rivers. Covered with his scaly mail, and armed with a long jaw studded all over inside with formidable teeth, he lords it over all other fish, and annoys the "gentle piscator" by seizing his bait and cutting his line with the coolest impudence. When by any means killed, he is utterly useless for food, or anything else. I saw one, after it was dead, stretched in the yard of the "Columbia Hotel" at Columbia, which had been caught in the Brazos de Dios river, within a stone's-throw of the house, which measured eleven feet, and weighed one hundred and fifteen pounds. The buffalo fish is a large coarse carp. The lakes are full of perch of various kinds. The gaspergeaux (I am not certain as to the proper spelling of this name) is a beautiful silver perch, often weighing as much as fifteen pounds. It is found in all the rivers I have fished; the proper bait is a prawn. The catfish are of two kinds, the yellow and blue; the latter is often called the "mud cat." They are a scaleless, ugly-looking fish, with an enormous mouth, but, properly cooked, are very good. They have three poisonous bones, two projecting behind the gills, one on each side and one upon the back; they form the extreme points of three fins, and the fisherman has to use great caution in recovering his hook when he has succeeded in taking one, as the wound festers, besides giving intense pain, and I believe in more than one instance tetanus has followed a puncture. They are a foul-feeding fish, and grow to a great size. I have seen one, which turned the scale at eighty-four pounds. Of their voracity I can give an instance. I once caught one which I do not think weighed eight pounds, and yet, after having gorged itself with prawns, and a crow swallowed whole, feathers and all, it took my bait—a piece of bacon placed upon a large hook, with a piece of chain attached, with which I was trying to beguile a gar, that for half an hour had been annoying me—by taking my bait, hook, and three or four inches of line away, as often as I threw it into the water.

As it may be questioned how a fish could catch a crow, perhaps I had better explain; for, although the

"cat" made no difficulty about swallowing the bird, hypercritical readers might not so readily take in my story. I avail myself of this opportunity to remark, that in all I have written I have carefully avoided exaggeration. Though mine are "travellers' tales," I have given them in good faith; where I quote anything from hearsay, I mention it, and I am as liable to deception as others; but where I state anything I have seen or done, I vouch for its correctness.

There are immense flocks of crows in Texas, and I have often seen them for two or three hours towards evening, streaming across the prairie for their roosts in the forest, in one unbroken line of several yards width. When the planters are sowing their corn crops, these birds, which no doubt do a great deal of good at other times, seriously injure the farmers by stealing their seed. The farmers, therefore, frequently steep some corn in a poisonous preparation, to destroy the crows; and as the plantations are often situated upon the banks of the rivers, many of the birds who have eaten this prepared grain, are struck with death as they fly over these broad waters, and fall in, thus becoming food for fish, though perhaps not of the most wholesome character. I am acquainted with a planter on Caney Creek, who believing, and justly, that the crows do a great amount of good by destroying grubs, worms, etc., has hit upon (as he informed me) a novel and efficient mode of preserving his crop. This gentleman, just before he sows his field, employs a few negroes to pass a single long horse-hair through each grain of about a bushel of Indian corn, previously soaked and softened; and thus prepared, it is scattered about the field, and it is quickly picked up by the crows, who, though they swallow the corn, do not succeed in getting the horse-hair down, the end of which hangs out at their beaks and irritates their throats. Much scratching naturally ensues amongst the victims of this device, and much noisy dismay amongst their companions, who carefully avoid the field until the remembrance of their repulse has faded away. This planter assured me that he was not "throwing the hatchet," and that by this means he each year got rid of any loss, as far as they were concerned, and planted his crop in peace.

I shall dismiss the catfish by mentioning, that in spite of his voracity and coarseness in feeding, he eats very well, cooked in almost any style, and that a "catfish chowder" is a dish much approved of all through the south, and that at a picnic or on a camp hunt, when in the vicinity of a river, it is the dish.

The black bass, as he is called, when caught in the northern lakes and streams, is at the south improperly named the trout. It is the most sporting fish of all, fights hard when hooked, and the old "country angler" can spin for him with a minnow, thus recalling the cold sparkling streams of his father-land—no slight pleasure to the exile. He bites freely, and has good firm flesh for the table. He is of a very dark yellow-green colour.

I have never been able to find any fish that would rise at a fly in Texas. When a youth, I was very fond of fly-fishing, and used to make very respectable creels of fish, and could tie a fly to imitate any on the water, sufficiently well to kill; yet, although I have whipped many of the upper country likely-looking brooks, I never succeeded, even by accident, in raising a fish.

Soft-shell turtles of all sizes, from that of a dollar up to one hundred pounds, abound in the rivers of Texas, more especially in the Rio Colorado. For either soups or steaks they are considered quite equal to the green turtle. They are voracious feeders, and often sadly interfere with the fisherman, taking his baits, or else caus-

\* All through the States the Anglo-Saxons are termed "whites," in contradistinction to the Mexicans and the descendants of Spanish blood, as the latter have amalgamated with both Indians and negroes to a great extent.



ing themselves to be hooked and dragged on shore when they are not wanted.

The following occurred to a hunting and fishing party of which I formed one. Five of us started to camp and hunt for a day or two on the Colorado river; we had with us in addition to our hunting-horses, a covered-in light Jersey wagon, which conveyed our blankets, cooking utensils, etc., and which was under the charge of two negroes, who were expected to collect fire-wood and make themselves generally useful; the wagon, too, was also to be used for the transportation home of our spoils. A deer was killed on the road, with some of the offal of which we baited our lines that evening, and several catfish were caught. The next morning all preferred fishing to hunting, except myself. Accordingly, I forded the river on my horse, to hunt turkeys on the west bank. I was tolerably successful; but on my rejoining my companions I saw a sight I shall not readily forget. It was a bright sunny day, the sky of that deep blue only seen in southern climes, and the turtles were on the feed. My companions had been much teased by these creatures taking their baits, and had at last commenced catching them, as they would not allow them to take anything else. As each turtle was hauled ashore, a hole was cut in the soft shell behind, through which a stout line was passed, and they had thus threaded nearly a hundred by the time I arrived. Just previous to my riding up, a bright thought had occurred to some one of the piscators, which all had at once put in practice. Each had selected the largest turtle he could find, and had attached one end of his hand-line to the turtle's shell, and, having thrown him upon his back held him down with his foot, until he had a bite from a fresh one at the other end of his line.

A stout pole having previously been driven firmly into the sand, the captive was then dismissed on one side of the pole, only to drag up to it another unfortunate relation or friend out of the river. The prize secured, the unconscious captor was hauled back and replaced in his unnatural position, to be again turned loose whenever there was another bite, thus making one turtle catch his fellows. At the conclusion of this day's fishing, one hundred and twenty-seven turtles had been secured, twelve only of the largest being retained, whilst the rest were returned to their native stream, with a caution to be less greedy for the future, and not to interfere where they were not wanted.

In the winter of 1848-9, there was a strange mortality amongst the fish on the coasts of Texas. As the cholera was then prevalent, it was by some supposed to have something to do with it; others, who I suspect were nearer the truth, attributed it to the eruption of some submarine volcano. The shores were piled up with dead fish washed up by the waves, and negroes were employed in hauling them out from under the wharves. Coming down from Anahuac in a sloop, which at that time carried the mail to Galveston, I do not think a minute elapsed after passing Red-fish bar, that we did not bump against either a dead porpoise or gar, or some kind of fish.

The scenery upon some of these rivers is most lovely. I can recall no stream that can be compared with the Rio San Bernardo. It is a deep, very clear, though rather sluggish river, into whose bright waters the live oaks dip their boughs; the wild grape vines hang pendulous over them, and in the proper season they reflect the rich, ripe, purple clusters of the mustang grape; the tall dark-green magnolia, covered with its white waxen flowers, sheds an almost overpowering perfume; here and there the stately cypress rears its head, casting so dense a shadow on the water, as at a short distance to make it look like ink.

Here the otter has his haunt, and to these sparkling waters the timid wild doe leads her fawn. Here many a hart sees his branching antlers as in a mirror, whilst he quenches his thirst, and on the "spreading sycamore" where its white skeleton looking branches hang over the wave, the wild turkey loves to roost.

Here, too, comes many a less innocent animal towards nightfall, to drink; the cougar, the leopard, and catamount then venture forth with other animals whose habits are nocturnal. All day long the great fish-hawk, the osprey, has been busy plying his vocation; spying his prey in the water, he has a hundred times, probably, that day closed his wings, and dropped like a cannon-ball; so sudden is his descent, he well deserves the name the Italians give him, of *Aquila Piombina*. In the winter, swans, geese, ducks, teal, etc., glide over its glassy surface; and then comes the turn of the great bald-headed eagle, to hawk the wild fowl. Cruel, rapacious, and domineering, he is a strange choice for the American emblem.

Beautiful scenes the hunter ranges through, and many curious discoveries he makes in the habits and instincts of the game he pursues. My greatest regret has been, that when I have looked upon some lovely quiet scene, of which I have viewed so many, that I had not the skill to reproduce it, either with pen or pencil, for far away friends. Fortunately now, almost every traveller writes, and those in the "old country" can, through their explorations, gain some general (though in my case, perhaps roughly portrayed) ideas of far-off lands and hair-breadth escapes. I feel myself incapable of describing the awful silence of the prairies, the grandeur of the forests, or the breadth and beauty of the rivers. They must be seen to be understood. How even the birds and beasts have been adapted for their several purposes in life! The wanderer must be both cold and blind indeed, who can look on these fair scenes and not give a thought to their Creator.

#### THE GREEN BLIND.

AFTER we had seen all we wished to visit at Athens, and got tired of the members of the Greek Parliament, walking about in black velvet jackets and white linen kilts, reading little newspapers just the size of a quarto page—for they are still as fond of "some new thing," as Paul says they used to be—it was time to ride out to see the country.

Next morning, therefore, the horses were brought round early. One of them was a beautiful white creature with reddish eyes, and he got frightened at a gun fired in the street, and bolted away and away till he was quite lost. Hours were spent before he was secured, and when we mounted it was far too late to ride; the sun was high, and it was a broiling day in August. Still we set off, foolishly—for young Englishmen are always doing mad sort of things abroad; and to be cool in our ride we did another rash deed—took off our coats and put on our night-shirts over all, tied about with a red sash—very romantic, no doubt, but useless against a torrid sun-flame.

Long before we arrived at the plain of Marathon we were hot and thirsty, and stopped to breakfast under a tree, and gorged water-melons, and then bathed: the whole proceeding perfectly well calculated to cause a raging fever at night.

A horrid night it was, too—almost as hot as the day; and there were we in a top room of a little house, with all the wooden windows open, and musquitoes crowding in to the candle, and rats running over the floor (one slept in my boot), and bats whisking by our cheeks, and a

fractious baby squalling below: insect tormentors—the most hungry, sly, and daring in the world. Several times during the night we got up and “spooned” these bedfellows out of our blankets into the candle. But new ones came, and just as many. I put each of my bed posts into a saucer with water, but we soon discovered that they marched up the wall and across the roof, and then dropped down on the bed. A donkey brayed all night, too. We found it standing in the morning beside another donkey that had died.

However, we spent a week in visiting ruins, and rivers, and battle plains, and grand old castles, until, at Athens again, we found the steamer had already called and had gone. How were we to get away?

The captain of a little English schooner, going for pigs to Smyrna, agreed to take us as passengers, if we could sleep on deck and feed on pickled pork: so “good bye” at length to the Piræus, and the soft breeze fills our sails for a cruise in the Grecian Archipelago.

This was a somewhat tedious business, compared with the rapid voyage of a steamboat; for the wind took us here and there, round bays, and capes, and islands without number, though many of their names reminded us, over and over, of our schoolboy days. This is the way we “berthed” when night came on. I spread a great-coat over one of the deck guns and crept under, and slept on the boards—for young bones are soft, even if the boards they lie upon are hard enough. In the pale early morn we jumped right over the side, and after a swim ran about on deck, fighting each other with buckets of water, supplied to each combatant by the sailors, who laughed immensely at this splashing duel.

When thus tired we ran aloft to get dry, and sat sometimes an hour on the yard-arm, enjoying the cool draught under the foot of the fore-top-sail. One evening the wind fell dead: it was a sullen calm, and red streaks heaved on the swell towards where the sun was going down. Boom! went the hollow sound of a great gun; and then another boom, and then came a rattle of small arms.

“Not blank cartridge that,” said the captain. “Ten to one it’s a pirate has got some unfortunate vessel on the other side of that island,” (which was quite near us).

He was right: it was a Greek pirate that had attacked a merchant brig, but we did not see anything at the time: and still the big guns boomed and the musket volleys rattled with a whizzing “thud” and splatter. We entreated the captain to let us take the boat and pull round the cape to help in the fight, or at any rate to “see what was going on.” But the skipper was far too cautious to let his only boat go away, or any of his men, out of a little crew of five.

Well, it ended in half an hour, and all was quiet; and then a breeze carried us along to Smyrna, where we told what we had heard, and an English war steamer “up steam” and away, and caught the pirate crew, and seven of them were hanged.

But we have not come to the “green blind” yet. It was at Smyrna, that beautiful city, smiling, sleeping on the bright blue sea—hills behind and around, and on one quite close a stately cypress tree, by the tomb of the brave, good Polycarp, who here was martyred for the truth of that gospel which he had learned from the lips of the apostle John.

A martyr’s grave—is it not a hero’s grave? one of “God’s heroes;” and yet there are many of those in this bad, old world, yea, even in these later times; and in our very town, where the martyrs burned in Smithfield, there were blackened stones and ashes, dug up not

so long ago in front of St. Bartholomew’s Hospital. Why have we English not raised a “martyrs’ memorial” in Smithfield, in honour and memory of the two hundred who there left earth for heaven, borne up in the fiery chariot?

The hotel at Smyrna overhung the rippling waves, being supported on columns, and it was a lively, bustling house, with crowds of sea captains, whose vessels waited for the figs, just coming in. The first figs brought to England each autumn get a £20 prize, so the fast little clippers have a smart race for it. The day we landed, the figs began to arrive—long strings of silent, patient, supple-looking camels, walking as softly as cats, and glancing with large meek eyes at the stream they may not stop to drink, while they stride quietly over the pretty little bridge. Each camel had two great bullock-skin bales of figs on his back, and so they passed on in an endless row, night and day, and all night again, until 4000 of these “ships of the desert” (as the Arabs call them) had passed the Smyrna gate. Then the noise in the hotel grew louder; business had to be done, and the captains left off playing billiards. It is a wonder how they ever had managed to play at all with the balls so chipped with rough usage that they were no longer round, but funny-looking cubical knobs, that bounced about on a table without any cloth.

It was in going back and forward along the crowded open gallery of the hotel that I noticed a window in the range of bedrooms closed—not wide open, like all the rest, to catch the delicious sea breeze. It was not only closed, but a green blind was always drawn across, and you could not see through this. The door of the room also was shut, and always shut. Sailors rushed past it; Turkish porters, with copper-coloured legs bare to the knee, and huge bundles on their brawny shoulders; travellers trying to call “waiter” and “boots” in the Sanskrit, and meantime carrying their own luggage; all the busy world shouted, hustled, and elbowed about; but that quiet window, that every one brushed past, was always the same, and the green blind drawn close as before.

At length I asked, “Whose is that room?” but nobody could understand me. They shook their heads and passed on—they had no time. I made up my mind to try the door; and, timidly knocking, without an answer I turned the handle and walked in.

The room was darkish, compared with the glare outside, and what I saw flashed thoughts through me that are far better remembered than even the sight which caused them.

“Is it possible,” said I, inwardly, “that we travellers have so often run carelessly past this door, with loud and buoyant step, and the captains have rattled the billiard-balls, and Turkish porters tramped heavy on the balcony, and black Moors shouted in the fishing-boats, while the crow of the cock, a dog’s bark, a woman’s song, the boom of a ship’s gun, the cheery breeze, the bright sun, and the plash of gladsome waves—all these have been blended into busy merry life, while that poor fellow lay there so still?”

It was a young man’s face on the pillow, with light hair, and blue eyes fixed on the ceiling; they did not even move when I spoke close to his sad pale cheek.

“Can I do anything for you, my friend?”

He could only move his head faintly, to mean “no.” How ill he looked! Very slowly he gave me his history in brief, and my ear had to almost touch his mouth to hear the whisper.

“I am an American; I am nineteen years old. My father put me at college. He is a good man. I had a

home, and friends, and money. Bad companions beguiled me. I took one thousand dollars. I disobeyed my parents, and went to the theatre one night. I was afraid to go home, and fled to Europe with two of my companions. We travelled till our money was done. I got ill here. My companions have left me. I am dying of fever."

No one to befriend or nurse him, but an old Turk who comes once a day. No letters from his mother, and his poor conscience in remorse and agony! How wretched he! He would not tell his name, though I tried every persuasion. He thanked me when I knelt and prayed in a low voice. He listened, with the blue eyes still fixed, when a Psalm was read, and thankfully allowed me to leave the Bible with him, marked in fit passages for a miserable sinner.

But another gun fired from the steamer told me I must hurry on board. What a change of scene from the quiet room with the green blind to the crowded deck, sprinkled now and then with drops from the hissing steam-pipe.

There was additional excitement too, just now. They were waiting for two English passengers who were still on shore. One was the Duke of —, the other Colonel —, both fine young guardsmen. Suddenly their dragoman rushed up the ladder, and told how he and they had just been robbed. They had gone about twenty miles off to see an old obelisk. A dozen armed robbers dashed out of a cave. The muleteers fled, and the two officers were cruelly plundered of everything, even of coats and trowsers, and particularly of a ring which one had on his finger, the gift of his mother.

So we left them to get some pasha to catch the robbers; but nothing came of it after a fortnight's search.

Then we steamed past Tenedos and Troy, with the windmills turning swiftly, where once old Homer's heroes had fought so hard. At the opening of the Bosphorus every vessel has to stop and lower sails to the castle. One refused to do this as we approached, and we saw a puff of white smoke, and then plunge went a ball into the sea. The vessel still sailed on, and bang! went another ball right between our masts, and splashed the bows of the disobedient brig. It stopped after this. There are great cannon in the fortress, cut out of the solid rock, which are loaded with marble balls three feet in diameter.

The Turkish passengers sat on the upper decks of our steamer, the women reclining on great mattresses, and I noticed one Turkish lady carefully studying a Moslem atlas. Her little boy had two black children, slaves, one of whom was rather playful, and prattled loudly. Suddenly a brother of the boy—a great man—started up from his couch, and, seizing a thick stick, lashed and flogged the wretched slave-child, who crouched like a dog, and screamed most piteously.

But all this passed like a dream before me. I saw only dim flitting figures, and heard only confused tingling sounds, for I, too, had now got the fever. Steadily it advanced through my veins, and my fellow-traveller also was seized with it. Both of us sat listlessly powerless, and the beautiful scene even of the "Golden Horn" at Constantinople utterly failed to arouse us. We landed there, and, tottering with giddiness, went straight up to our beds in the hotel. I did not rise for three weeks. Leeches, and bleed, and often in delirium, it was a sad time indeed. But God graciously brought both of us through this dangerous trial, and life, flickering for days, began to blaze again. A good doctor prescribed for us, and the Duke of — kindly visited our sick-beds, and often as I heard the long-

drawn cry of the Muezzins calling to Mohammedan prayer in the minaret of a neighbouring mosque, my memory thought again of the friendless American in the room with the green blind. The thought that always would come up again was, "I ought not to have left him alone to die."

Weeks passed, and once again we were upon the steamer leaving Constantinople, and on our way to Palestine. Somehow it seemed as if things around all looked new and different. Our souls had been spoken to in the interval. A page of life had been turned, and perhaps a new chapter had begun since last we saw Smyrna; for now we came to the town again in our voyage, but only for an hour or two's delay. Our paddle-wheels stopped at last, and I leaped into a boat to go ashore. Many of our fellow-passengers also got in—some for business, some to see the streets, some for gleesome frolic; but I felt a strong and solemn purpose, and as I fixed my eyes on the hotel, there was the same green blind.

I thought how much more feelingly I could now sympathise with the sick sufferer, and how much more earnestly I could press him to look to Christ, who had been found so near and true a friend in need to me. The boat touched the shore. A dozen porters crowded round as before. Bustle and noise around, and visitors and servants jostling in the balcony, just as they were weeks ago. Flags flew too; but there is one half-mast-high; somebody dead to-day. I mounted the stairs in three strides, and with beating heart opened the door; and there he lay, just as before, with the long light hair and pallid cheek, and solemn smile, and one hand stretched out clasping the Bible, now open wide, and at a passage marked. But the blue eyes, they were closed, the breath was still, and the spirit had fled.

#### CHEAP DINNERS FOR THE MILLION.

AN interesting paper on the recently-established self-supporting cooking depôts in Manchester and Glasgow was read lately before the Society of Arts by Mr. Alexander Burrell. Starting with the fact that prisoners, who are generally supposed to be so much better fed than the working classes, are dieted at an average cost, for the whole of England, of 3½d. a day, the task was easy to show that the reason why honest men are worse fed arose solely from the difference in management. The poor man buys by retail, and therefore pays more for every article he requires, and when obtained there is a great deal of waste, because his food is prepared on a small scale. The remedy is of course to bring to bear on the ordinary economy of human life the system of division of labour, which in other departments of industry has achieved such startling results. The merit of first attempting the scheme of providing better and cheaper food for the working classes is due to Mr. Thomas Corbett, of Glasgow, who in September, 1860, opened premises capable of accommodating 100 persons. So complete was the success, that at the present time there are no less than thirteen establishments in full work in that city, capable of accommodating 3000 persons at one time. There is nothing new in the mode of cooking, the same principles being followed out in every poor law union and prison in the kingdom. So successful and satisfactory have the results been in Glasgow, that several establishments on the Glasgow model have been established since November last, in Manchester, with equal success. The varied character of the viands and lowness of the prices will be seen from the following bill of fare of the Gaythorne

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Cooking Dépôt, Manchester:—Cup of milk, one half-penny; bowl of porridge, one penny; cup of coffee, one penny; cup of tea, one penny; bread and butter, one penny; plate of bread and cheese, one penny; plate of cold meat, twopence; bowl of broth, one penny; ditto with bread, three-halfpence; bowl of soup, one penny; ditto with bread, three-halfpence; plate of potatoes, one penny; potato hash, twopence; plate of roast beef, twopence; plate of potato pie, twopence; plate of fish, twopence. Mr. Corbett lays it down as a principle that every article should be of the best quality, and that the establishment should be thoroughly self-supporting. Mr. Burrell concluded a very able and entertaining paper, by suggesting that institutions on the same principle should be at once set going in the metropolis, suggesting the erection of some great central hall, with numerous branch establishments, combining, if possible, the means of harmless amusement with the satisfaction of appetite. The lecture was illustrated by drawings of the "plant" of these cooking dépôts, showing the boilers and stoves employed, and the "percolaters" for tea and coffee; while on the table were disposed samples of the earthenware plates, basins, bowls, and cups and saucers, in use in Manchester and Glasgow, filled with the viands and fluids which are supplied. To show the quality of the various articles, a supply from one of the Manchester establishments, sent up by express train, was prepared in the museum of the Society's building, of which the visitors were invited to partake. Tea, coffee, soup, meat, and pudding were discussed with a relish challenged by their intrinsic excellence. The general opinion expressed during the discussion which Mr. Burrell's paper evoked was in the highest degree favourable to the immediate extension of the scheme to the metropolis.

The Glasgow establishment, as the first and most prosperous experiment, deserves more detailed description. It commenced with an eating-house on the Broomielaw, the great quay on the river Clyde. There are now thirteen branches in full operation, and other four are being fitted up. It is calculated that, in order to enable all parts of Glasgow to participate in the benefits of the scheme, from twenty-two to twenty-five branches will be required. The bill of fare is limited to a number of common and easily prepared articles of food, such as barley broth, oatmeal porridge, boiled beef, tea, coffee, etc., taking care at the same time, however, that the rations shall be of the best quality and in good measure. All the cooks and attendants are women, one hundred and thirty in all, and are chosen mostly from the ranks of domestic servants. The only men employed are the general manager and some half-dozen buyers, porters, and carters.

In these eating-houses, breakfast, dinner, and tea are supplied at a surprisingly low price. A breakfast, consisting of porridge, milk, coffee, and roll, with butter, can be had every morning for 3d. Separate rations of soup, potatoes, bread and butter, or bread and cheese, coffee, tea, porridge, egg, etc., can be had at any hour during the day for 1d. each. At the chief branches a 4½d. dinner is served, comprising a basin of broth, a plate of meat, either hot or cold, an ample supply of potatoes, and a slice of capital plum pudding. The best proof that these rations are appreciated is to be found in the demand for them. Last year, when there were only twelve branches in working order, the average monthly consumption was as follows:—55,000 basins of broth and soup, 52,000 plates of beef, 82,000 rolls, 54,000 cups of tea and coffee, 14,500 bowls of porridge, 31,000 plates of potatoes, 7000 boiled eggs, 14,400 tumblers of milk. Since the Jamaica Street dépôt was opened the con-

sumption has, of course, greatly increased. The present sale of penny rations, such as soup, broth, cups of coffee or tea, etc., amounts to upwards of 400,000. In order to insure the utmost economy, the raw materials are purchased in the wholesale markets, and all payments are made in cash. About £6000 a year is spent in beef, more than £2000 in bread, and as much in potatoes. Some notion of the spirit with which the business is conducted may be gathered from the fact that every morning the entire products of two dairies, some six miles off, are brought into town to supply the breakfasts of the multitude. In order to meet the requirements of the numerous branches, a large central store and model kitchen is being erected in Pitt Street. The latter will, when completed, be the largest in the kingdom. It will cover 1000 square yards of ground, will be 20 ft. high, and will be fitted up with ten steam cooking boilers.

Another feature of the scheme, which has also contributed very much to its success, is the comfortable and attractive character of the eating-rooms. While all unnecessary outlay has been avoided, care has been taken to secure plentiful light, warmth, and ventilation. Every room, too, is well supplied with newspapers, and in each branch there are separate apartments for women.

The Jamaica Street establishment, which is the most recent, is superior to the others in accommodation and appearance. It comprises spacious well-lighted halls, with large plate-glass windows on three different stories. On each stage there is a kitchen, with apparatus for making tea and coffee, cooking potatoes, and keeping "hot and hot" the other articles which are prepared at the central dépôt.

The number of persons who frequent these restaurants is now over 140,000. The bulk of them belong strictly to the working class. At noon, for instance, the branches in Clyde Street and Jamaica Street are thronged by dock labourers and artisans, that at Washington Street by men from the smithies and other works in that quarter, and those in the east of Glasgow by strapping bare-legged lassies from the mills. Some bring a piece of bread with them and content themselves with a basin of broth; others indulge in the luxurious 4½d. entertainment, which includes beef and pudding; but all receive equal attention from the waitresses, and behave with the utmost quiet and decorum. Not unfrequently about this time of the day there are more customers than there is accommodation for, and numbers may be seen waiting till they can get a vacant seat. During the hour or two following, another class takes advantage of the eating-houses—clerks, shopmen, milliners, and girls in the shawl and other warehouses. "These establishments," says the prospectus, "are conducted on the strictest business principles, with the full intention of making them self-supporting, so that every one may frequent them with a feeling of perfect independence."

After the experience of two years Mr. Corbett feels justified in declaring that the undertaking is fully self-supporting. The amount of business done in the first year, when only three or four branches were in operation, was £5100, and the net profit, after paying all expenses and the heavy outlay in commencing the movement, was £145. The present business exceeds £20,000 annually, and there is every prospect that, in from four to six years, the whole plant, which will amount to upwards of £5000, will be redeemed.

In Paris and other French towns cheap dining places for the working classes have for some time been established, of the operations of which an account will be given in a future paper.

## Varieties.

**READY REMEDY FOR BURNS.**—The numerous accidents from wearing inflammable dresses have attracted attention both to preventive and remedial measures. Among the former, in domestic life, there are the obvious precautions of fire-screens and reduced circumference of muslin, which may be rendered quite unflammable by the use of certain chemical substances. Among the remedies for burns, the most useful local applications are chalk, flour, cotton-wadding, or a mixture of olive oil with lime water. The principle of all these is the exclusion of the air from the surface. A correspondent of "The Times" has given his experience with a simple remedy, which is at hand in every household—common whiting.

"Not many years after my first acquaintance with this remedy I happened to be crossing the Atlantic in a sailing vessel, when one day the cook's assistant, a lad of about seventeen, while removing a saucepan from the cookhouse fire, spilt its almost, if not quite, boiling contents over his legs and feet. Fortunately the former were protected by his wide canvass trousers, but one of his feet, which were altogether bare, was very badly scalded. On seeing the occurrence from where I stood, I sought the steward, and from him obtained some dry polishing whiting, which in little more than a minute was mixed with water, and smeared over the scalded foot; but, while directing this to be done, I confess it did not strike me to be necessary to apply for advice in the emergency to a medical fellow passenger, who was reading in the deck cabin when the accident occurred. The bustle, however, soon brought him to the spot, where he found me assisting to draw an old stocking over the lad's foot, to prevent my prescription from falling off. On seeing what I was about, my friend was not slow to express strong doubts as to the efficacy of my treatment, but which I felt myself bound to defend in the best way I could. To add weight to my arguments in favour of the whiting, I remember appealing to the lad, who stated that though the pain had been violent at first, it had become gradually less so after the application; but this only led my medical friend to conclude that the water, after all, could not have been so very hot, otherwise the result would have been different.

"On the following day, after dinner, being called on to give the rationale of my treatment, like other unlicensed practitioners I could only appeal to what I called 'facts' and experience, neither of which seemed to have much weight with my learned friend—who, by the way, was my senior by some half score of years, and, if anything, the better talker of the two. In vain I was requested to explain on what principle a substance so perfectly inert as carbonate of lime could be supposed to exercise curative effects under such circumstances. In short, I began to feel that I was about to be 'talked' out of my remedy, as the conversation on the subject, for the want of a better to relieve the tedium of a long voyage, was not confined to the doctor and myself. Moreover, I began to find that the cure I had performed on the lad was beginning to be considered no cure at all, as his foot got far too rapidly well for any one to believe it had ever been seriously ill. Besides, in the course of the next few days, when anything occurred to the health of any one on board, I was sily asked by my friend the doctor what I should think of prescribing a dose of whiting.

"Jokes at the expense of my remedy continued till towards the close of the voyage, when—remembering, no doubt, the story of the wager of old Elwes with his surgeon, as to which mode of treatment, his own or the medico's, would make the first cure on two equally bad legs—I proposed to my friend to settle our difference by a somewhat similar experiment, with myself for its subject. As may be inferred, a proposition so reasonable could hardly be refused; so a pair of old curling-tongs were procured, and their ends being brought to a dull red heat, were held by a fellow-passenger across two of my fingers, until I gave unequivocal signs of having had enough. The doctor, who confessed the fingers were fairly burnt, as, inde d, they were, was now requested to choose the one he liked the best, and treat it by his own mode. As soon as my friend had made his choice, I had a finger of an old glove ready filled with a thick mixture of wet whiting, into which I quickly immersed my patient, while the doctor bound his loosely in rags, moistened with linseed-oil, this being his approved

remedy. Next day, on removing the covering from my finger, the only discoverable effect of the burn was a hardish brown mark, showing that the skin had been severely acted on, though it was unaccompanied with any sign of inflammation or blistering. The finger chosen by the doctor, on the contrary, was both blistered and inflamed, as I too well inferred from the comparatively sleepless night I had spent.

"Though this result was no doubt a signal triumph for the whiting, yet, as I remember, it was much tempered by the pain I suffered from my friend's finger—I wished it had been his own—which was not properly healed until several weeks after."

**CLASS DISTRICTS IN LONDON.**—It is a remarkable feature of London how much in special districts different classes and pursuits are concentrated. We have an artists' district, a theatrical district, a district for foreigners, a weavers' district; and other crafts have their peculiar places of abode in which they congregate. In Kensington, at the time of the taking of the last census, there resided, all persons over twenty years of age, male and female, of the professional classes and of clergymen, barristers, solicitors, physicians, surgeons, authors, editors, painters, architects, men of science, music, school and other masters, 3103, in a population of 73,205; the number in every thousand being 42.4. At Whitechapel, in a population of 45,988 of the same class of persons there were only 381 persons—8.3 in each thousand of the population—of the above class, and a large portion of those would be medical men. In Rotherhithe there are only three barristers and solicitors; in Kensington there reside a powerful army of 722. The total number of those professional persons within the metropolitan limits was over 47,000, and they constitute nearly one-fifth of the entire intellectual class distributed throughout Great Britain. Of these there are 5863 lawyers, 6531 doctors, 2393 clergymen and ministers, and 11,210 subordinates; making altogether 22,097 persons belonging to the learned professions, besides persons not generally recognised as of the above class, of whom there were 1195 literary men, 17,241 teachers, 156 professors of sciences, and 4057 artists and architects. At the present time there is an average of more than 50,000 persons, the chief portion of them devoted to mental and intellectual pursuits. Varied and marked are the different localities which the chief bulk of the Londoners, with both brain and hands, occupy for the purpose of residence, or for carrying on business. None of these, however, are more remarkable than the inns of law, which stretch, with but little interruption, from Gray's Inn Lane to the Temple.—*Builder*.

**PREDICTION OF GOLD.**—In 1846, Sir R. Murchison, who two years earlier had compared the eastern ridge of Australia with the Ural Mountains, and first suggested in print the auriferous character of the former, advised the Cornish tin miners, who were then out of employment, to emigrate and dig for gold in Australia, and wash it as they did their tin ore (see "Trans. Geol. Soc. of Cornwall," 1846). In 1848 some results were in his possession, and thereon he wrote a letter to Earl Grey, then Secretary for the Colonies, indicating that the all-important question of the gold of Australia, and the laws relating thereto, should be well considered by the Government (see Parliamentary Papers, third series); yet three years elapsed before the year 1851, when Mr. Hargreaves opened the diggings.

**LITERATURE AS A PROFESSION.**—I hope none of those whose interests and happiness are dear to me will be induced to follow my footsteps, and wander into the seductive but treacherous paths of literature. There is no life more precarious in its profits and fallacious in its enjoyments than that of an author. I speak from an experience which may be considered a favourable and prosperous one; and I would earnestly dissuade all those with whom my voice has any effect from trusting their fortunes to the pen. For my part, I look forward with impatience to the time when a moderate competency will place me above the necessity of writing for the press. I have long since discovered that it is indeed "vanity and vexation of spirit."—*Washington Irving to his Nephew*.

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